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Members of the Celebration Group, a dance company, rehearsing on the excursion boat Alexander Hamilton.

## Electrified Spaghetti on Avant Garde Fete Menu

By TOM BUCKLEY

All the way from the wheelchair, which Shirley Clarke, the film maker, had transformed into a fortetelling booth, in the gallery, where Elizabeth Phillips of Bennington College served platters of electrified spaghetti that squeaked and hummed as it was eaten, the old Hudson River Dayliner Alexander Hamilton was transformed into a gallery of anarchic imaginings yesterday. The excursion boat, now tied up at the South Street Seaport, Fulton Street and the East River, was the scene of the Ninth Annual New York Avant Garde Art Festival. The festival attracted more than 200 artists and thousands of spectators between noon and midnight, despite rain and rain.

The theme of *horden* and *gaily* was developed by the work of the Japanese artist A-D, who hung in place of signal flags, hundreds of pairs of women's leotard panties from lines around the top deck.

"I think everybody is very lucky that we're here, but not everybody thinks that way," said Charlotte Moorman, the petite, bespectacled—only in the most literal sense—cellist who has been the festival's organizer and guiding spirit from the beginning. "Some people think we're crazy."

Miss Moorman, who achieved a degree of notoriety several years ago by giving a topless cello concert, said she would keep her bodice in place yesterday. Instead, she donned diving gear to play in a tank of water on the pier.

### Mowing Festival Planned

Unfailingly enthusiastic and full of energy despite having undergone major surgery only two months ago, Miss Moorman said she was still hoping to be able to present the festival in Poughkeepsie and Albany today and tomorrow despite complications over full insurance, separatist certificates and toilet charges that would bog the minds of a flotilla of admirably lawyers.

"We talked in *Southern* and *Conscious* Buckle-belt and Transportation Secretary Vidge," she said as she guided a visitor among the displays. "I haven't given up here."

In a corner of the main deck, under a table, Larry Miller carefully spread the contents of three bottles of Gold's Prepared Hysterical with a table knife to spell the word "It."

"You could cross this as a poem or a sculpture or both," he said. "My dad used to say 'horreradish' when he meant something else. Now people say 'It' when they

mean almost anything. I guess I'm making fun of it."

Ralph Hocking, the director of the Experimental Television Center, in Binghamton, N. Y., and several assistants set up what they called their marching band.

### "Marching Band" Performs

It comprised a Sousaphone mounted on a wheelchair, a bass violin in a baby carriage, from which protruded a pair of mannequin's legs, a trombone that dangled from an overhead beam, cymbals, a siren, and a police flasher. All were played, or at least caused to emit a variety of amplified arithmetical snorts, squeaks and beeps, by a remote control run by a computer. In the boat's engine room, Franklin E. Morris of the Electric Studio of Syracuse University presented what was described as "a Moog vibrator, oscilloscope and knowledge event."

Although Mr. Morris said he thought the engine room was "exactly the right place" for the mixed media display, the polished brass remnants of the age of steam seemed a strange setting for the intergalactic music of the Moog.

One of the most arresting displays, "A Pointing for the Alexander Hamilton," was a sort of tableau that was staged inside the painter's office. David Nussimaker of

William Paterson College and his cast, wearing clothing of the nineteen twenties, the hallway of the boat, posed motionless over ledgers, and at wickets, as though speaking in passengers.

On the boat deck, Tony Martin of Kingsborough Community College and George Miller rigged a laser that, owing with the motion of the boat on the tide, its beam striking a reflector that flashed random red lights and rainbow spectrums accompanied by continuously varying musical tones against a white-painted bulkhead.

"Technology is as good a palette as paint," said Mr. Martin.

Yoko Ono, the wife of John Lennon, the former Beatle, presented a pair of brown brows hanging from a beam. "This is for anyone who fits it," the accompanying legend said. "If the pants fit you, leave your name in the bag. Five names will be picked at random to receive a signed pair in the mail."

Many of the staterooms had been transformed into private fantasies. In one, four blue clouds of autumn leaves. Another was hung with white plastic sheets and packed with white plastic pellets in frolic in. An old lifebelt chest became a treasure chest of quite edible crisp doughnuts.